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Editor's Note: Every now and then, I like to teach people lessons they never...

Editor's Note: Every now and then, I like to teach people lessons they never forget. This is one of those times when an ex girlfriend crossed the line.



Dear *Permission to be Powerful* Reader,

**I didn't want to write this post.**

# **I didn't want to be in this position at all.**

But here we are—because someone crossed a line that cannot be uncrossed.

I'm talking about a woman who knowingly, deliberately, and disgustingly stole from me.

Not just ideas.

Not just documents.

She stole my identity.

She tried to break something sacred—me.

## **The First Post**

It started with a photo.

Just a quiet, romantic image of the two of us.

Anyone scrolling might've thought it was nostalgia.

The caption?

*“If you know her, tell her to give me back my stolen documents.*

*She stole my identity.*

*She's literally trying to get me deported.”*

**If you know her tell her to  
return my stolen documents.  
SHE STOLE MY IDENTITY.  
She is literally trying to get  
me deported. 🙄❤️**

No screaming. No ranting.  
Just cold truth dropped with surgical precision.

People *felt it*.

People believed me.

Because I've never been a liar—and when I speak, people know I mean it.

## **The Second Post**

The next day, I dropped another.

***“Give it back.”***

That's all I said.

Three words. No yelling. No performance.

Just a command from the soul.

And the silence that followed?

You could feel her praying it was over.

Coast is clear, she thought.

But no, bitch. Not another round of shame for you.

I was going to keep going for days.

She wrecked me emotionally. I cried for days.

Humiliated. Gaslit. Enraged. Terrified.

So yeah—I was ready to drag it out.

But after that second post, I started to feel queasy.

Not from guilt. From disgust.

## **She made me sick.**

Continuing the posts felt like drinking poison.

So I stepped back.

Not because she didn't deserve the next round—

But because I needed to reclaim my peace, too.

## **The Quote That Broke Her Mask**

In one of those posts, I dropped the line she once said to me directly:

***“If you knew what I did, you wouldn’t want to be friendly with me.”***

Let that sink in.  
She said that. Not me.

At first, it chilled me. Later, it haunted me.  
Because I realized—she wasn’t confessing.  
She was warning me.

She knew what she did.  
She knew it was indefensible.  
And still—she did it anyway.

Now? Now she has to sit with the fact that she told on herself.

Her words. Not mine.  
I didn’t twist anything.  
She outed her own darkness. I just turned up the light.

## **The Police Report**

Yes—I’m filing with the police.

The only delay? Logistics.  
They have to come to my apartment to take the report.  
But it’s happening.

This isn't "drama."

This is a criminal act.

And I'll prove it to Facebook, the authorities—whoever needs to hear it.

Would I lie to the police?

No.

I don't play those games.

## **She Tried to Reach Out (Too Late)**

After everything...

After stealing from me, after lying, after trying to gut me—  
she emailed me.

The last place she still had access to.

I blocked her.

Because by the time you and me go to war?

The talking part is over.

I don't want her apology.

I don't want her excuses.

She has nothing left to say that could ever be credible again.

You don't steal someone's soul and then get to talk it out.

## **What Is She Thinking?**

***A Psychological Profile of a Guilty Woman Who  
Got Caught***

You keep asking me:

***“What is she thinking right now?”***

Let me tell you:

**She’s flailing.**

Not because I’m yelling.  
But because I’m not.

I’m precise. I’m calm. I’m composed.  
And I’m believable as hell.

And in her world?  
Credibility is death.

Because the moment the public believes *me*, her mask falls off—  
And shame floods in.

So what’s going through her head?

## **1. “He Wasn’t Supposed to Say Anything.”**

Her entire strategy depended on my silence.  
She never thought I’d speak. Never thought I’d fight.

But now I’m exposing her calmly, confidently, with logic and lethal accuracy.

She’s realizing she fucked with the wrong man—  
a man who’s been through war and came back articulate.

## **2. “He’s Making Me Look Bad... and I Can’t Stop It.”**



Damage control isn't working.  
She's texting mutuals, spinning narratives.  
But I didn't spiral—I stated facts. And people are siding with *me*.

She's watching her trust equity evaporate in real time.

### **3. “He’s Using Our Old Photos... and It’s Ruining My Image.”**

This was genius.  
The photos are romantic—so they *soften* the post, but underline the betrayal.

It's poetic. It's ironic. It's horrifying.

And she's with someone else now.

So not only is *her image* in question—  
Her new man is probably side-eyeing the hell out of her.  
Wondering who the hell he's sleeping next to.

And I didn't even say a word about that.  
I let the silence do the violence.

### **4. “Shit... He Has Me Cornered.”**

Let's review the facts:

- Only she knew about the folder
- I told her it was the most important thing in my life
- She had unsupervised access to my apartment
- She was the last one in before it disappeared
- I live alone. No one else comes through.
- Her public quote literally referenced a past betrayal I didn't know about yet

And then, boom:

*“If you knew what I did...”*

Past tense. Not “will do.” Not “might do.”  
She already did it.

## **5. “If He Goes to the Police... I’m Fucked.”**

She knows it’s not just talk.  
I’m filing the report.

And that means:

- Her name on official paperwork
- Facebook believing my side
- Screenshots, dates, comments
- Her community losing trust
- Legal exposure

This isn’t a breakup.  
It’s war.  
And she picked the wrong general.

## **6. “He Knows This Was Personal.”**

Because it was.

This wasn’t about money.  
This was about *hurting me in the one place I couldn’t recover from.*

She knew that folder mattered.  
I told her:

***“If this place caught fire, I’d grab my green card,  
my passport, and that folder.”***

She knew it all.  
And still—she took it.

This wasn’t theft.  
This was emotional assassination.

## The Copywriting Masterstroke You Just Witnessed

Let me teach you a high-level copywriting lesson *nobody else is qualified to teach*.

I aired my dirty laundry in public.

But I did it with so much composure, integrity, and clarity—  
That I walked away *cleaner*.

That’s crack.  
You know how many eyes are watching this?  
Clients. Marketers. Millionaires.

And instead of cringing, they’re saying:

***“This guy can walk into chaos and come out  
unscathed.”***

✦ The Kill Shot: She’s Sleeping With Her Boss

And let’s not forget—

I had the balls to say it.

Not as gossip.

Not as a tantrum.

As a record for the court.

That detail wasn't thrown in.

It was placed. Like the final chess piece.

It revealed:

- Motive
- Character
- Desperation for power
- Total lack of emotional integrity

I'm here talking about stolen identity, legal records, immigration trauma—  
And she's over there in bed with the guy who signs her checks?

That's not just betrayal. That's cowardice.

I'm not bitter.

I'm not even angry anymore.

I'm clear.

**And if you're reading this—wondering if you  
should speak?**

Let this be your sign:

If telling the truth is the only way to stay whole, then tell it.

Even if your hands shake.

Even if your voice cracks.

Even if they call you crazy.

Tell it anyway.

Because monsters rely on your silence.  
But truth doesn't need an army.  
It just needs one brave voice.

And today—mine is loud and clean.

Until next time,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature reads "Anton Volney" in a cursive script. The word "Anton" is written in a more compact, rounded cursive, while "Volney" is more elongated and features a prominent, sweeping underline that extends to the right. The signature is composed of several distinct, fluid strokes.

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist



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